

# THE MERRY DIVEL OF EDMONTON.

K

As it hath beene sundry times Acted,  
*by his Maiesties Seruants, at the  
Globe on the Banke-side.*



AT LONDON.

Printed by G. Eld, for *Arthur Iohnson*, dwelling at the signe of the white-Horse in Paules Church yard, ouer against the great North Doore of Paules.

1617.

# THE MERRY DIVEL

OF  
EDMONTON

As it hath been long since

by the

Gloucester



At London

Printed by G. B. for Arthur Jobson

King and the Duke of the White Horse in 1817

Churchyard, containing the great

Monument of 1817

1817





# The merry Deuill

of Edmonton.

*francis weston*  
*he back*

## *The Prologue.*

**O**ur silence & attention worthy friends, (sence  
That your free spirits may with more pleasing  
Relish the life of this our active sceane, (breath  
To which intent, to calme this murmuring  
We ring this round with our inuoking spellles  
If that your listning eares be yet prepar'd  
To entertaine the subiect of our play,  
Lend vs your patience.  
Tis *Peter Fabell* a renowned Scholler,  
Whose fame hath still beene hitherto forgot  
By all the writers of this latter age.  
In Middle-sex his birth, and his abode,  
Not full seauen mile from this great famous Citty  
That for his fame in flights and magicke won,  
Was cald the Merry Fiend of Edmonton.  
If any heere make doubt of such a name,  
In Edmonton yet fresh vnto this day,  
Fixt in the wall of that old ancient Church  
His monument remaineth to be seene;  
His memory yet in the mouths of men,  
That whilst he liu'd he could deceiue the Deuill.  
Imagine now that whilst he is retirde,  
From Cambridge backe vnto his natieue home,  
Suppose the silent sable visage night,

A 3

Casts

## *The Merry Diuell*

Casts her blacke curtaine ouer all the World,  
And whilst he sleeps within his silent bed,  
Toyl'd with the studies of the passed day:  
The very time and howre wherein that spirite  
That many yeares attended his command;  
And oftentimes 'twixt Cambridge and that towne,  
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,  
By composition twixt the fiend and him, *Draw the Curtaines,*  
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due,  
Behold him here laid on his restlesse couch,  
His satall chime prepared at his head,  
His chamber guarded with these sable flights,  
And by him stands that Necromanticke chaire,  
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,  
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will,  
Sit with a pleased eye vntill you know,  
The Commicke end of our sad Tragique show. *Exit.*

*The Chime goes, in which time Fabell is often seene to stare about  
him, and hold vp his hands.*

*Fab.* What meanes the toling of this satall Chime,  
O what a trembling horror strikes my heart!  
My stiffened hayre stands vpright on my head,  
As doe the bristles of a porcupine.

*Enter Coreb a Spirit.*

*Co.* *Fabell* awake, or I will beare thee hence hedlong  
to hell.

*Fab.* Ha, ha, why dost thou wake me?  
*Coreb,* is it thou?

*Cor.* Tis I.

*Fab.* I know thee well, I heare the watchfull dogs,  
VWith hollow howling tell of thy approach,  
The lights burne dim, affrighted with thy presence:  
And this distemperd and tempestuous night  
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Deuill.

*Cor.* Come art thou ready?

*Fab.*



## *The merry Dewill.*

*Fab.* Whither? or to what?

*Cor.* Why Scholler this the houre my date expires,  
I must depart and come to claime my due.

*Fa.* Hah, what is thy due.

*Cor. Fabell,* thy selfe,

*Fab.* O let not darkenes heare thee speake that word,  
Least that with force it hurry hence amaine,  
And leaue the world to looke vpon my woe,  
Yet ouerwhelme me with this globe of earth,  
And let a little sparrow with her bill,  
Take but so much as shee can beare a way,  
That euery day thus losing of my lead,  
I may againe in time yet hope to rise.

*Cor.* Didst thou not write thy name in thine owne blood?  
And drewst the formall deed twixt thee and mee,  
And is it not recorded now in hell?

*Fa.* Why comst thou in this sterne and horred shape?  
Not in familiar sort as thou wast went,

*Cor.* Because the date of thy command is out,  
And I am master of thy skill and thee.

*Fa. Coreb,* thou angry and impatient spirit,  
I haue earnest busines for a priuate friend,  
Reserue me spirit vntill some further time.

*Cor.* I will not for the mines of all the earth.

*Fa.* Then let me rise, and ere I leaue the world,  
Dispatch some busines that I haue to doe,  
And in meane time repose thee in that chayre.

*Cor. Fabell,* I will.

*Sit downe.*

*Fa.* O that this soule that cost so great a price,  
As the deere pretious blood of her redeemer,  
Inspirde with knowledge, should by that alone  
Which makes a man so meane vnto the powers,  
Euen lead him downe into the depth of hell,  
When men in their owne pride striue to know more  
then man should know!  
For this alone God cast the Angells downe,  
The infinity of Arts is like a sea,

Into

## *The Merry Diuell*

Into which, when man will take in hand to faile,  
Further then reason, which should be his Pilot,  
Hath skill to guide him, loosing once his compasse,  
He falleth to such deepe and dangerous whirlepooles,  
As he doth loose the very sight of Heauen;  
The more he strives to come to quiet harbor,  
The further still he findes himselfe from land,  
Man striving still to know the depth of euill,  
Seeking to be a God, becomes a Diuell.

*Cor.* Come *Fabell* hast thou done?

*Fab.* Yes, yes, come hither.

*Cor.* *Fabell*, I cannot.

*Fab.* Cannot, what ayles your hollownes?

*Cor.* Good *Fabell* helpe me.

*Fabell.* Alas where lies your griefe? some *Aquavitar*,  
The *Deuill*'s very sicke, I feare heele dye,  
For he lookes very ill.

*Cor.* Darst thou deride the minister of darkenes?  
In *Lucifers* dread name *Coreb* coniures thee  
To set him free.

*Fab.* I will not for the mines of all the earth,  
Vnlesse thou giue me liberty to see:  
Seauen yeares more before thou ceaze on me.

*Cor.* *Fabell* I giue it thee.

*Fab.* Swear damned Fiend.

*Cor.* Vnbind me and by Hell I will not touch thee,  
Till seauen yeares from this hower be full expir'd.

*Fab.* Enough, come out.

*Cor.* A vengeance take thy Art,  
Liue and conuert all piety to euill,  
Neuer did man thus ouer-reach the *Deuill*;  
No time on earth like *Phaetentique* flames,  
Can haue perpetuall being: Ile returne  
To my infernall mansion, but be sure  
Thy seauen yeares done, no trick shall make me tarry,  
But *Coreb*, thou to hell shalt *Fabell* carry.

*Fab.* Then thus betwixt vs two this variance ends,

*Exit.*  
Thou



*of Edmonton*

Thou to thy fellow Friends, & to my friends. *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas his Lady, Molliscent his daughter, and young Harry Clare, the men bobbed; the Gentlewomen in Cloakes and safe-guards, Blague the merry host of the George comes in with them*

*Host.* **V**elcome good knight to the George at Wal-  
tham, My free-hold, my tenements, goods, &  
chatels; Madam heer's a roomie is the very *Homer* and *Iliads* of  
a lodging, it hath none of the foure elements in it, I built it out  
of the Center, & I drinke neere the lesse sacke.  
Welcome my little wast of maiden heads, what  
I serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

*Clare.* God a mercie my good host *Blague*,  
Thou hast a good seate here.

*Host.* Tis correspondent or so, ther's not a *Tartarian*  
Nor a Carrier, shall breath vpon your geldings,  
They haue villanous rancke feete, the rogues,  
And they shall not sweat in my linnen.  
Knights and Lords too haue beene drunke in my house,  
I thanke the destinies.

*Har.* Pre'the good sinful Inkeeper, wil that corruption thine  
Ostler looke well to my geldings. Hay, a pox of these rushes.

*Host.* You Saint *Dennis*, your geldings shall walke without  
doores, and coole his feete for his masters sake, by the body of  
*S. George* I haue an excellent intillect to goe to steale som ve-  
nison now, when wast thou in the forrest?

*Har.* A way you stale messe of whit broth: Come hither  
sister, let me helpe you.

*Clare.* Mine Host, is not Sir *Richard Mounchensy* come  
yet according to our appointment when we last dinde here

*Host.* The knight's not yet apparent marry heer's a forerun-  
ner that summons a parle, and saith, hee'le be here top & top  
gallant presently.

*Clare.* Tis well good mine host, goe downe and see break-  
fast be provided,

*Host.* Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes

## *The merry Devil.*

me downe, I am for the baser element of the kitchen: I retire like a valiant souldiers face, point blanke to the foe-man; or like a Courtier, that must not shew the Prince his posteriors; vanish to know my canuassadoes, and my interrogateries, for I serue the good Duke of Norfolke. *Exi*

*Cla.* How doth my Lady, are you not weary Madam? Come hither, I must talke in priuate with you, My daughter *Millscent* must not ouer-heare.

*Mill.* I, whilpring pray God ittend my good, Strange seare assailes my heart, vsurps my blood.

*Cla.* You know our meeting with the knight *Mounchensy* Is to assure our daughter to his heire.

*Dor.* Tis without question.

*Cla.* Two tedious winters haue past ore since first, These couple lou'd each other, and in passion Clewd first their naked hands with youthfull moysture, Iust so long on my knowledge.

*Dor.* And what of this?

*Cla.* This morning should my daughter lose her name, And to *Mounchensys* house conuey our armes, Quartered within his scutchion; th'affiance made, Tywixt him and her, this morning should be sealde.

*Dor.* I know it should.

*Clar.* But there are crosses wise, heere's one in Waltham, Another at the Abby; and the third At Cheston, and tis ominous to passe, Any of these without a pater-noster: Crosses of loue still thwart this marriage, Whilst that we two like sprites walke in night, About those stony and hard hearted plots.

*Mill.* O God, what meanes my father?

*Cla.* For looke you wise, the riotous old knight, Hath o're run his annual reuennae, In keeping iolly Christmas all the yeere, The nostrilles of his chimney are still stuf, With smoake more chargeable then Cane-tobacco, His hawkes deuoure his fattest doges whilst simple,

*His.*



*of Edmonton.*

His leaneft curres eate him hounds carrion;  
Besides, I heard of late his younger brother,  
Or Turky merchant hath sure suck'de the knight,  
By meanes of some great losses on the sea,  
That you conceiue mee, before God all naught,  
His seate is weake, thus each thinge rightly scand,  
You'll see a flight wife, shortly of his land.

*Mill.* Treason to my hearts truest soueraigne,  
How soone is loue smothered in foggy gaine?

*Dor.* But how shall we preuent this dangerous match?

*Cl.* I haue a plot, a trick, and this it is,  
Vnder this colour I'll breake off the match;  
Ile tell the knight that now my minde is chang'd,  
For marrying of my daughter, for I intend,  
To send her vnto Cheston Nunry.

*Mill.* O me accurst!

*Cl.* There to become a most religious Nunne.

*Mill.* Ile first be buried quicke.

*Cl.* To spend her beauty in most priuate prayers.

*Mill.* Ile sooner be a sinner in forsaking  
Mother and father

*Cl.* How dost like my plot?

*Dor.* Exceeding well, but is it your intent  
Shee shall continue there,

*Cl.* Continue there? Ha, ha, that were a iest,  
You know a virgin may continue there,  
A twelue month and a day onely on triall,  
There shall my daughter sojourne some three monthes,  
And in meane time Ile compasse a faire match  
Twixt youthfull *Ierningham*, the lusty heire  
Of Sir *Raph Ierningham* dwelling in the forrest,  
I thinke they'll both come hither with *Mounchensy*. *Exeunt.*

*Dor.* Your care argues the loue you beare our childe,  
I will subscribe to any thing you'll haue me.

*Mill.* You will subscribe to it, good, good, tis well,  
Louchath two chaires of state, heauen and hell:

*My deere Mounchensy*, thou my death shalt rue,

## The merry Devil.

Ere to thy heart *Milliscent* proue vntreue. *Exit*

*Enter Blague.*

*Host.* Osters, you knaues and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors: your honourable hulkes haue put into harbrough, theile take in fresh water here, & I haue prouided cleane chamber pots. *Via they come.*

*Enter Sir Richard Mounchensy, Sir Ralph Ierningham young Franke Ierningham, Raymond Mounchensy, Peter Fabell, and Bilbo.*

*Host.* The destines be most neate Chamberlaines to these swaggering puritans, knights of the subsidy.

*Sir Moun.* God a mercy good mine host.

*Sir Ier.* Thankes good host *Blague.*

*Host.* Roome for my case of pistolles, that haue Greeke and Lattin bullets in them, let me cling to your flanks my nimble Giberalters, and blow wind in your calues to make them swell bigger. Ha, Ile caper in mine owne fee-simple, away with punctillioes, and Orthography: I serue the good Duke of Norfolk *Bilbo, Tere tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

*Bil.* Truly mine host, *Bilbo*, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your onely blade still I haue a villanous sharp stomacke to slice a breake fast.

*Host.* Thou shalt haue it without any more discontinuance, releases, or aturnaments, what we know our termes of hunting and the sea-card.

*Bil.* And doe you serue the good Duke of Norfolk still?

*Host.* Still, and still, and still, my souldier of *S. Quintus*, come follow me, I haue Charles waine below in a but of sacke, it will glister like your Crab-fish.

*Bil.* You haue fine Scholler-like tearmes, your *Coopers* Dictionary is your onely booke to study in a celler, a man shall finde very strange words in it: come my host, lets serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

*Host.* And still, and still, and still my boy, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

*Ier.*



of Edmonton.

*Ier.* Good Sir *Arthur Clare*.

*Clar.* What Gentleman is that? I know him not.

*Moun.* 'Tis M. *Fabell* Sir, a Cambridge scholler,  
My sonnes deere friend.

*Clar.* Sir, I entreat you know me.

*Fabell.* Command me sir, I am affected to you  
For your *Mounchenseys* sake.

*Clar.* Alas for him,  
I not respect whether he sinke or swim,  
A word in priuate Sir *Ralph Ierningham*.

*Ray* Methinks your father looketh strangely on me,  
Say loue, why are you so sad?

*Mill.* I am not sweet,  
Passion is strong when woe with woe doth meet.

*Clar.* Shall's in to breakfast, after wee'll conclude  
The cause of this our comming, in and feed,  
And let that vs her a more serious deed.

*Mill.* Whilst you desire his griefe, my heart shall bleed.

*Tong Ier.* *Raymond Mounchensey* come be frolick friend,  
This is the day thou hast expected long.

*Ray.* Pray God deere *Harry Clare* it proue so happy.

*Ier.* There's nought shall alter it, be merry lad,

*Fab.* There's nought shall alter it, be liuely *Reymond*,  
Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,  
Art shall confront it with her largest scope. *Exeunt.*

*Peter Fabell, solus.*

*Fab.* Good old *Mounchensey*, is thy hap so ill,  
That for thy bounty and thy royall parts,  
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorne,  
And after all these promises by *Clare*,  
Refuse to giue his daughter to thy sonne,  
Onely because thy Reuenues cannot reach,  
To make her dowage of so rich a ioynture,  
As can the heire of wealthy *Ierningham*?  
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand,  
To strike a match betwixt her and th'other,  
And the old gray-beards now are close together,

## *The merry Diuell.*

Plotting it in the Garden. Is't euen so?  
*Raymond Mouchenssey*, boy, haue thou and I  
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,  
The Metaphisickes Magick, and those parts,  
Of the most secret deepe Philosophy?  
Haue I so many melancholly nights,  
Watch'd on the top of Peterhouse highest tower?  
And come we back vnto our natiue home,  
For want of skill to loose the wench thou lou'st?  
Weele first hang Euill in such rings of mist,  
As neuer rose from any dampish fenne:  
Ile make the brinde sea to rise at Ware,  
And drowne the marshes vnto Stratford bridge,  
Ile driue the Deere from Waltham in their walkes,  
And scatter them like sheepe in euery field:  
We may perhaps be crost but if we be,  
He shall crosse the Deuill that but crossees me. *Enter Raymond*  
But heere comes *Raymond* disconsolate & sad, & yong *Ierning*.  
And heeres the gallant that must haue the wench.  
I prithee *Raymond* leaue these sollemne dumps,  
Reuiue thy spirits, thou that before hast beene,  
More watchfull then the day-proclaiming Cocke,  
As sportiue as a Kid, as franke and merry  
As mirth her selfe,  
If ought in me may thy content procure,  
It is thine owne thou maist thy selfe assure.

*Ray.* Ha *Ierningham*, if any but thy selfe  
Had spoke that word, it would haue come as cold  
As the bleake Northerne wind, vppon the face  
Of winter.

From thee they haue some power vppon my blood,  
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound,  
Come from the lips of any liuing man,  
It might haue won the credit of mine care,  
From thee it cannot.

*Ier.* If I vnderstand thee, I am a villaine,  
What dost thou speake in Parables to thy friends?

*Clar.*



*of Edmonton.*

*Clar.* Come boy and make me this same groning loue,  
Troubled with stiches and the cough a'th lungs,  
That wept his eyes out when he was a Childe,  
And euer since hath shot at hudman-blind,  
Make her leape, caper, ierke, and laugh and sing,  
And play me horse-trickes,  
Make Cupid wanton as his mothers doue,  
But, in this sort boy I would haue thee loue.

*Fabell.* Why how now Mad cap? What my lusty *Franke*,  
So neere a wife and will not tell your friend?  
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger,  
Art thou turnd miser Rascall in thy loues?

*Ier.* Who I? z'sblood, what should all you see in me,  
That I should looke like a married man? ha  
Am I balde? are my legges too little for my hose?  
If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am  
A villaine, doe I weare a night-cap? doe I bend  
in the hams? What dost thou see in mee that I  
should bee toward marriage, ha?

*Clā.* What thou married? let me looke vpon thee,  
Roague, who has giuen out this of thee? how  
camst thou into this ill name? what company  
Hast thou beene in Rascall?

*Fab.* You are the man sir must haue *Millescent*,  
The match is making in the Garden now,  
Her ioynture is agreed on, and th'old men  
Your fathers meane to lanch their busie bags,  
But in meane time to thrust *Mounchensy* off,  
For colour of this new intended match.  
Faire *Millescent* to Cheston must be sent,  
To take the approbation for a Nun.  
Nere looke vpon me Lad, the match is done.

*Ier.* *Raymond Mounchensy*, now I touch thy grieve,  
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.  
And as for faire and beautilous *Millescent*,  
With my vaine breath I will not seeke to flubber,  
Her angell-like perfections, but thou know st,

That

## The merry Diuell.

That Essex hath the Saint that I adore,  
Where ere did we meete thee and wanton springs,  
That like a wag thou hast not laught at mee,  
And with regardlesse iesting mockt my loue?  
Now many a sad and weary summer night  
My sights haue drunke the dew from off the earth,  
I haue taught the Nighting-gale to wake,  
And from the meadowes spring the early Larke,  
An houre before she should haue rest to sing,  
I haue loaded the poore minutes with my moanes,  
That I haue made the heauy flow pas'd howres,  
To hang like heauy clogs vpon the day.  
But deare *Mounchensy* had not my affection  
seaz'd on the beauty of another dame,  
Before I'de wrong the chafe, and o'regiue loue,  
Of one so worthy and so true a friend,  
I will abiure both beauty and her sight,  
And will in loue become a counterfeit.

*Mount. Deere Ierningham*, thou hast begot my life,  
And from the mouth of hell where now I late,  
I feele my spirit rebound against the starres:  
Thou hast conquerd me deere friend in my free soule,  
Their time nor death can by their power controule.

*Fab. Franke Ierningham*, thou art a gallant boy,  
And were he not my pupill I would say,  
He were as fine a metled Gentleman,  
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,  
As is in England, and he is a man,  
That very richly may deserue thy loue.  
But noble *Clare*, this while of our discourse,  
What may *Mounchensys* honor to thy selfe,  
Exact vpon the measure of thy grace?

*Clar. Raymond Mounchensy*? I would haue thee know,  
He does not breath this'ayre,  
Whose loue I cherish, and whose soule I loue,  
More then *Mounchensys*:  
Nor euer in my life did see the man,  
Whom for his wit and many vertuous parts,



of Edmonton.

I thinke more worthy of my sisters loue,  
But since the matter growes vnto this passe,  
I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will.  
But when thou list to visit her by night,  
My horses fadled, and the stable doore  
Stands ready for thee, vse them at thy pleasure,  
In honest marriage wed her frankly boy,  
And if thou getst her lad, God giue thee ioy.

*Moun.* Then care away, let fates my fall pretend  
Back't with the fauours of so true a friend.

*Fab.* Let vs alone to bussell for the set,  
For age and craft, with Wit and Art haue met.  
Ile make my spirits to dance such nightly  
Along the way twixt this and Tottan crosse,  
The Carriers Iades shall cast their heavy packs,  
And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in:  
The Milk-maides Cuts shal turne the wenches off  
And lay the Dossers tumbling in the dust:  
The franke and merry London Prentises,  
That come for creame and lusty country cheere,  
Shall loose their way, & scrambling in the ditches  
All night shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,  
Yet none to other finde the way at all.

*Moun.* Pursue the proiect scholler, what we can do,  
To helpe indeauour ioyne our liues thereto.

*Enter Banks, Sir Iohn, and Smug.*

*Banks.* Take me with you good sir Iohn; a plague on thee  
*Smug,* and thou touchest liquor thou art founde'd straight:  
what are your braines alwayes water-milles? must they euer  
runne round?

*Smug.* *Banks,* your ale is a Philistin's foxe, z' hart there fire  
i'th tale: our; you are a rogue to charge vs with Mugs i'th rere-  
ward: a plague of this wind, O it tickles our Catastrophe.

*Sir Io.* Neighbour *Banks* of VValthan, and Goodman *Smug*  
the honest Smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both at  
Enfield, I know the tast of both your ale houses, they are good  
both, smart both: Hem, Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, lets

## The merry Diuel.

liue till we die, and be merry and theres an end.

*Banks.* Well saide sir *Iohn*, you are of the same humor still, and doth the water runne the same way still boy?

*Smug.* *Vulcan* was a rogue to him; Sir *Iohn* locke lock, locke fast sir *Iohn*: so sir *Iohn*, Ile one of these yeares when it shall please the Goddesses and the destinies, be drunke in your company; thats all now, and God send vs health; shall I sweare I loue you?

*Sir Io.* No oathes, no oathes, good neighbour *Smug*. Weel wet our lips together in hugge; Corrouse in priuate, and eleuate the hart, And the liuer and the lights, and the lights, Marke you me, within vs, for hem, Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, lets liue till we die, and bee Merry, and thers an end.

*Banks.* But to our former motion about stealing some venison, whither goe we?

*Sir Io.* Into the forrest neighbour *Banks*, into *Brians* walke the madde keeper.

*Smug.* Z'blood, Ile tickle your keeper.

*Banks.* Yfaith thou art alwayes drunke when we haue beede of thee.

*Smug.* Neede of mee? z'hart, you shall haue neede of mee alwayes while theres yorn in an Anuill.

*Banks.* M. Parson, may the Smith goe thinke you, being in this taking?

*Smug.* Go, Ile goe in spight of all the bells in Waltham.

*Sir Io.* The question is good neighbour *Banks*, let mee see, the Moone shines to night, ther's not a narrow bridg betwixt this and the forrest, his braine will be setled ere night, he may go, he may go neighbour *Banks*: Now we want none but the company of mine host *Blague* at the George at waltham, if he were here, our Consort were full; looke where comes my good host, the Duke of Norfolks man, and how and how; a hem, grasse and hay, wee are not yet mortall, lets liue till we die and be merry and ther's an end.

*Host.* Ha my Castilian dialogues, and art thou in breath still boy? *Miller* doth the match hold *Smith*, I see by thy eyes thou hast



hast bin reading litle Geneva print: but wend we merily to the  
forrest to steale some of the kings Deere. Ile meet you at the  
time appointed: away, I haue Knights & Colonells at my house,  
& must tend the Hungarions, If we be scard in the forest, weel  
meet in the Church-porch at Enfield; ist Correspondent?

*Ban.* Tis well; but how if any of vs should be taken?

*Smi.* He shall haue ransome by the Lord.

*Hof.* Tush the knaue keepers are my bosonians, & my pen-  
sioners, nine a clocke, be valiant my little Gogmagogs; Ile fenc  
with all the Iustices in Hartford shire; Ile haue a Bucke till I die  
Ile slay a Doe while I liue, hold your bow straight & steady. I  
serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Smi.* O rare! who, ho, ho boy.

*Sir Io.* Peace neighbor *Smug*, you see this is a Boere, a Boere  
of the country, an illiterate Bore, and yet the Cittizen of good  
fellowes, come lets prouide a hen: Grasse and hay, wee are not  
yet all mortall, weel liue till we die, and be merry, and thers an  
end: come *Smug*.

*Smug.* God night Waltham, who, ho, ho boy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakfast againe*

*Old Monn.* Nor I for thee *Clare*, not of this,  
What? hast thou fed me all this while with shalles?  
And com'st to tell me now thou lik'st it not?

*Clare* I doe not hold thy offer competent,  
Nor doe I like th'assurance of thy loue,  
The title is so brangled with thy debts.

*Old Mo.* To good for thee, and knight thou knowest it wel,  
Ifawnd not on thee for thy goods, nor I,  
Twas thine owne motion, that thy wife doth know.

*Lad.* Husband it was so, he lies not in that.

*Clare.* Hold thy chat queane.

*Old Monn.* To which I hearkned willingly, and the rather  
Because I was per swaded it proceeded  
From loue thou bor'st to me and to my boy,  
And gau'st him free accessse vnto thy house,  
Where he hath not behau'de him to thy childe,  
But as befits a Gentleman to doe:  
Nor is my poore distressed state so low,

## The merry Diuell.

That Ile shut vp my doores I warrant thee,  
Let it suffice *Mounchensey*, I mislike it,  
Nor thinke thy sonne a match fit for my childe,  
To tell thee *Clare* his blood is good and cleere,  
As the best drop that panteth in thy veines:  
But for this maide thy faire and vertuous childe,  
Shee is no more disparag'd by thy basenes,  
Then the most orient and the pretious iewell,  
Which still retaines his lustre and his beauty,  
Although a slaue were the owner of the same.

*Clare*. She is the last is left me to bestow,  
And her I meane to dedicate to God.

*Mount*. You doe sir.

*Clare*. Sir, sir, I doe, she is mine owne

*Mount*. And pittie she is so,  
Damnation dog, thee and thy wretched pelfe a side.

*Clare*. Not thou *Mounchensey* shalt bestow my child.

*Mount*. Neither shouldst thou bestow her where thou  
Mean'st.

*Clare*. What wilt thou doe?

*Mount*. No matter, let that bee;  
I wil doe that, perhaps shall anger thee;  
Thou hast wrongd my loue, and by Gods blessed Angell,  
Thou shalt well know it.

*Clare*. Tut, braue not me.

*Moun* Braue thee base Churle, were't not for man-hood sake,  
I say no more, but that there be some by,  
Whose blood is hotter then ours is,  
Which being stird, might make vs both repent  
This foolish meeting: but *Ralph Clare*  
Although thy father haue abused my friendship,  
Yet I loue thee, I doe my noble boy,  
I doe yfaith.

*Lady*. I, doe do, fill all the world with talke of vs, man, man  
I neuer lookt for better at your hands.

*Fab*. I hope your great experience and your yeeres,  
Would haue prou'd patience rather to your soule,  
Then with this frantique and vntamed passion,

To



To w her their skeens and but that,  
I hope their friendships are too well confirm'd,  
And their minds tempred with more kindly heat,  
Then for their froward parents soares,  
That they should breake forth into publique brawles,  
How ere the rough hand of th'vntoward world,  
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,  
Yet I am sure the first intent was loue:

Then since the first spring was so sweet and warme,  
Let it die gently, ne're kill it with a scorne,

*Ray.* O thou base world, how leproous is that soule  
That is once lim'd in that polluted mudde,  
Oh fir *Arthur* you haue startled his free active spirits,  
With a two sharpe spur for his mind to beare:  
Haue patience fir, the remedy to woe,  
Is to leaue what of force we must forgoe.

*Mill.* Aad I must take a twelue months approbation,  
That in meane time this soule and priuate life,  
At the yeares end may fashion me a wise:  
But sweet *Mounchensy* ere this yeare be done,  
Thou'lt be a srier if that I be a Nun;  
And father ere young *Ierningham* He bee,  
I will turne mad to spight both him and thee.

*Cl.* Wife come to horse, and huswife make you ready,  
For if I liue, I sware by this good light,  
He seeyou lodgde in Chesson house this night.

*Moun.* *Raymond* away, thou seest how matters fall,  
Churle, he'll consume thee and thy pelfe and all.

*Fab.* Now *M. Clare*, you see how matters sadge,  
Your *Millscent* must needs be made a Nun:  
Well fir, we are the men must pile this match,  
Hold you your peace and be a looker on,  
And send her vnto Chesson where he will,  
He send mee fellowes of a hand full hie,  
Into the Cloysters where the Nuns frequent,  
Shall make them skip like Does about the Dale,  
And make the Lady prioreffe of the house to play,

## *The merry Dewill.*

at leape-frogge naked in their smockes,  
Vntill the merry wenches at their masse,  
Cry tehee wehee,  
And tickling these mad Lasses in their flankes,  
Shall sprawle, and squeake, and pinch their fellow Nunnes,  
Be liuely boyes, before the Wench we lose,  
He make the Abbesse weare the Cannons hose. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Harry Clare, Franke Ierningham, Peter Fabell,  
and Millescent.*

*Ha. Cla.* Spight now hath done her worst, sister be patient  
*Ier.* Forewarnd poore *Raymonds* company to heauen,  
When the composure of weake frailty meet,  
Vpon this mart of durt; O then weake loue,  
Must in her owne vn happiness be silent,  
And winke on all deformities.

*Mill.* Tis well;  
Wheres *Raymond* Brother? where's my deere *Mounchensfey*  
Would we might weepe together and then part,  
Our sighing parle would much ease my heart.

*Fab.* Sweet beauty, sould your sorrowes in the thought  
Of future reconcilment; let your teares,  
Shew you a woman; but be no further spent  
Then from the eyes; for sweet experience sayes;  
That loue is firme thats flatterd with delays.

*Milli.* Alas sir thinke you I shall ere be his?

*Fab.* As sure as panting smiles on future blisse.  
Yonder comes my friend, see hee hath doted  
So long vpon your beauty, that your want,  
Will with a pale retirement wast his blood,  
For in true loue, Musicke doth sweetly dwell,  
Seuer'd these lesse worlds beare within them hell.

*Enter Mounchensfey.*

*Moun.* Harry and Francke, you are enioynd to waine your  
friendship from me, we must part the breath of all aduised cor-  
ruption, pardon mee.

*Faith*



*of Edmonton.*

Faith I must say so, you may thinke I loue you,  
I breath not, rougher spight do seuer vs,  
Weele meet by steale sweet friend, by stealth yau twaine,  
Kisses are sweetest got, with strugling paine.

*Ier.* Our friendship dies not *Raymond.*

*Moun.* Pardon mee:

I am busied, I haue lost my faculties,  
Anc buried them in *Millescents* cleere eyes.

*Mill.* Alas sweet Loue, what shall become of me?

I must to Chesson to the Nunery,  
I shall nere see thee more.

*Moun.* How sweet!

Ile be thy votary, weele often meet,  
This kisse deuides vs, and breaths soft adue,  
This be a double charme to keepe both true.

*Fab.* Haue done, your fathers may chance spie your parting,  
Refuse not you by any meanes good sweetnes,  
To goe vnto the Nunry, farre from hence,  
Must we beget your loues sweet happines,  
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed,  
Shall be more soft when Nun and Maid are dead.

*Enter Bilbo.*

*Moun.* Now sirra, whats the matter?

*Bil.* Marry you must to horse presently, that villanous olde  
gowty churle, Sir *Richard Clare* longs till he be at the Nunry.

*Ha. Cla.* How sir?

O I cry you mercy, he is your father indeed; but I am sure that  
there's lesse affinity betweene your two natures, then there is  
betweene a broker and a Cutpurse.

*Moun.* Bring my gelding sirra.

*Bil.* Well, nothing grieues me but for the poore wench, she  
must now cry vae to Lobster pies, hartichokes, and all such  
meates of mortality; poore gentlewoman, the signe must not  
be in Virgo any longer with her, and that me grieues fall well  
Poore *Millescent*,  
Must pray and repent:

*The merry Deuill.*

O fatall wonder!  
Sheele now be no fatter,  
Loue must not come at her,  
Yet she shall be kept vnder. *Exe.*

*Ier.* Farewell deere *Raymond.*

*Har. Cla.* Friend adew.

*Mill.* Deere sweet.

No ioy enioyes my heart till we next meete, *Exeunt.*

*Fab.* Well *Raymond* now the tide of discontent,  
Beats in thy face, but er't be long the wind,  
Shall turne the flood, wee must to *VValtham Abby*,  
And as faire *Millescent* in *Cheston* liues,  
A most vnwilling Nun, so thou shalt there  
Become a beardlesse Nouice, to what end,  
Let time and future accidents declare:  
Tast thou my sleights, thy loue Ile onely share.

*Moun.* Turne frier? come my good Counsellor lets goe,  
Yet that disguise will hardly shroud my woe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Prioresse of Cheston, with a Nun or two, Sir Arthur  
Clare, Sir Ralph Ierningham, Henry and Francke, the  
Lady, and Bilbo with Milliscent.*

*La. Cla.* Madam;

The loue vnto this holy Sister-hood,  
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale  
Hath truely wonne vs to bestow our Childe,  
Rather on this then any neighbouring Cell.

*Pri.* Iesus Daughter *Maries* childe,  
Holy Matron, woman milde,  
For thee a masse shall still bee said,  
Euery Sister drop a bead.

And those againe succeeding them  
For you shall sing a *Requiem.*

*Franck.* The wench is gone *Harry*, she is no more a woman  
of this world, marke her well, she lookes like a Nun already,  
what thinkst on her?

*Har.* By my faith her face comes handsomly too't.

But



But peace, lets heare the rest.

*Sir Ar.* Madame, for a twelue-months approbation,  
We meane to make this triall of our child.

Your care, and our deere blessing in meane time,

We pray, may prosper this intended worke.

*Pri.* May your happie soule be blithe,

That so truely pay your Tithe.

He who many children gaue,

Tis fit that hee one child should haue.

Then faire *Virgia* heare my spell,

For I must your dutie tell.

*Mill.* Good men and true, stand together, and heare your charge.

*Pri.* First, a mornings take your booke,

The glasse wherein your selfe must looke,

Your young thoughts, so proud and iolly,

Must be turnd to motions holie;

For your buske, attyres, and toyes,

Haue your thoughts on heauenly ioyes;

And for all your follies past,

You must doe penance, pray, and fast.

*Bil.* Let her take heed of fasting, and if euer she hurt her-  
selfe with praying, Ile nere trust beast.

*Mill.* This goes hard berlady.

*Pri.* You shal ring the sacring Bell,

Keepe your howers, and tell your Knell,

Rise at midnight to your Mattins,

Read your Psalter, sing your Lattins,

And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,

Scourg your selfe in plentious measure.

*Mill.* Worse and worse by *Seint Mary*,

*Fr.* Sirra, *Hall.* how does she hold her countenance? well,  
goe thy wayes, s<sup>t</sup> euer thou proue a *Nunne*, ile build an *Abby*.

*Har.* She may be a *Nunne*, but if euer she proue an *Anchor-*  
*esse* ile digge her graue with my nailes.

*Fr.* To her againe mother.

*Har.* Hold thine owne wench

## The merry Diuell.

*Prio.* You must read the morning *Masse*,  
Your self creepe vnto the *Crosse*,  
Put cold Ashes on your head,  
Haue a Haire-cloth for your bed.

*Bil.* She had rather haue a man in her bed,

*Prio.* Bind your beads, and tell your needes,  
Your holie *Axies*, and your *Creedes*,  
Holy-maide, this must be done,  
If you meane to liue a *Nunne*.

*Mill.* The holy-maide will be no *Nunne*.

*Sir Ar.* Madame we haue some businesse of import,  
And must be gone.

VVilt please you take my wife into your closet,  
VVho further will acquaint you with my mind,  
And so good madame for this time Adieu. *Exeunt women.*

*Str Raph.* VVell now *Francke Clare*, How sayest thou: to be  
briefe.

VVhat wilt thou say for all this, if we two,  
Thy father, and my selfe can bring about,  
That we conuert this *Nunne* to be a wife,  
And thou the husband to this pretty *Nunne*,  
How then my Lad? ha *Franke*, it may be done.

*Har.* I, now it workes.

*Fra.* O God sir, you amaze me at your words,  
Thinke with your selfe Sir, what a thing it were,  
To cause a *Recluse* to remoue her vow,  
A maymed, contrite, and Repentant soule,  
Euer mortified with *Fasting* and with *Prayer*  
Whose *Thoughts* euen as her *Eyes* are fix'd on heauen,  
To draw a *Virgin* thus deuour'd with zeale,  
Backe to the world! O *impious deede*;  
Nor by the Cannon Law can it be done,  
VVithout a dispensation from the Church:

Besides shee is so prone vnto this life,  
As sheele euen shreeke to heare a husband nam'd,

*Bil.* I, a poore innocent shee, well, heere's no knauery, hee  
blowts the old fooles to their teeth.

*Sir Raph.*



of Edmonton.

*Sir Rapb.* Boy I am glad to heare  
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience,  
And in a man so young as is your selfe,  
I promise you tis very seldome scene.  
But *Franke*, this is a tricke, a meere deuise,  
A flight plotted betwixt her father and my selfe;  
To thrust *Mountchensyes* nose beside the cushion,  
That being thus debard of all accesse,  
Time yet may worke him from her thoughts,  
And giue thee ample scope to thy desires.

*Bil.* A plague on you both for a couple of *Iewes*.

*Har.* How now *Franke*, what say you to that?

*Fran.* Let me alone, I warrant thee;

*Sir*, assur'de that this motion doth proceede,  
From your most kinde and fatherly affection,  
I doe dispose my liking to your pleasure,  
But for it is a matter of such moment  
As holy marriage, I must craue thus much,  
To haue some conference with my ghostly father,  
*Frier Hilderham*, heere by, at *Waltham Abbey*,  
To be absolu'd of things, that it is fit  
None onely, but my *Confessor* should know.

*Sir Ar.* VVith all my heart, hee's a reuerend man, and to morrow morning we wil meete all at the *Abbey*, where by th'opinion of that Reuerend man;

VVe will proceede, I like it passing well;  
Till then wee part, boy, I thinke of it, Farewell.  
A parents care no mortall tongue can tell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mountchensy, like a Frier.*

*Sir Ar.* Holy young *Nonice* I haue told you now,  
My full intent, and doe referre the rest  
To your professed secrecie and care:  
And see,  
Our serious speech hath stollen vpon the way,  
That we are come vnto the *Abbey-gate*,

## The Merry Diuell

Because I know *Mouchensley* is a Foxe,  
That craftily doth ouerlooke my doings,  
He not be seene, not I; Tush, I haue done,  
I had a Daughter but shee's now a *Nunne*;  
Farewell deare one, farewell.

*Exit.*

*Moun.* Fare-you-well, I, you haue done,  
Your daughter sir, shall not be long a *Nunne*.  
O my rare Tutor, neuer mortall braine,  
Plotted out such a masse of pollicie;  
And my deere bosome is so great with laughter,  
Begot by his simplicitie and error:  
My soule is fallen in labour with her ioy;  
O my true friends, *Franke Ierningham*, and *Clare*,  
Did you now know, but how this iest takes fire,  
That good sir *Arthur*, thinking me a *Novice*,  
Hath euen poud himselfe into my bosome;  
O you would vent your spleenes with tickling mirth,  
But *Raymond* peace; and haue an eye about,  
For feare perhaps some of the *Nunnes* looke out.  
Peace and Charity within,  
Neuer toucht with deadly sinne;  
I cast my holy-water poore,  
On this wall and on this doore.  
That from euill shall defend,  
And keepe you from the vgly fiend:  
Euill spirit by night nor day,  
Shall approach or come this way;  
*Elfe* nor *Fairy*, by this grace,  
Day nor night shall haunt this place. *Holy maidens knock.*  
Who's that which knocks? ha, who's there? *Answer within.*

*Moun.* Gentle *Nun*, heere is a *Frier*.

*Nun.* A *Frier* without, now Christ vs saue, *Enter Nun.*  
Holy man, what wouldst thou haue?

*Moun.* Holy Maid, I hither come,  
From *Frier* and *Father Hilderstone*,  
By the fauour and the grace  
Of the *Prioresse* of this place.

*Amongst*



*of Edmonton.*

Amongst you all to visit one,  
Thats come for approbation,  
Before she was as now you are,  
The Daughter of Sir *Arthur Clare*:  
But since she now became a Nun,  
Call'd *Millscent* of Edmonton.

*Nun.* Holy man, repose you there,  
This newes Ile to our Abbas beare:  
To tell her what a man is sent,  
And your message and intent.

*Moun.* Benedicite.

*Nun.* Benedicite. *Exit.*

*Moun.* Doe my good plumpe wench, if all fall right,  
Ile make your sister-hood one lesse by night:  
Now happy fortune speed this merry drift,  
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

*Enter Lady Millscent.*

*Lad.* Haue Friers recourse then to the house of Nunnes?

*Milli.* Madam it is the order of this place,  
When any Virgin comes for approbation,  
Least that for feare of some sinister practise,  
she should be forc'd to vndergoe this vaile,  
Which shoud proceed from conscience and deuotion:  
A Visitor is sent from Waltham house,  
To take the true confession of the Maid.

*Lady.* Is that the order? I comend it well,  
You to your shrift, Ile backe vnto the Cell. *Exit.*

*Moun.* Life of my soule, bright Angell.

*Mill.* What meanes the Frier?

*Moun.* O *Millscent*, tis I.

*Mill.* My heart misgiues me, I should know that voyce,  
You; who are you. The holy virgin blesse me,  
Tell me your name, you shall ere you confesse me.

*Moun.* *Maunshensey* thy true friend.

*Mill.* My *Raymond*, my deare heart.  
Sweet life giue leaue to my distracted soule,

## *The merry Devil.*

To wake a little from this swoone of ioy,  
By what meanes camest thou to assume this shape?

*Moun.* By meanes of *Peter Fabell* my kind Tutor,  
Who in the habite of *Frier Hilderham*,  
*Franke Ierninghams* old friend and Confessor,  
Plotted by *Francke*, by *Fabell* and my selfe,  
And so deliuered to sir *Arthur Clare*,  
Who brought me heere vnto the Abby gate,  
To be his Nun-made daughters visitor.

*Mill.* You are all sweet Traytors to my poore old father,  
O my deare life, I was a dream't to night,  
That as I was praying in my Psalter,  
There came a spirit vnto me as I kneeld,  
And by his strong perswasions tempted me  
To leaue this Nunry; and me thought  
He came in the most glorious Angell shape,  
That mortall eye did euer looke vpon:  
Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for theres no forme,  
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine owne.

*Moun.* O thou Idolatresse that dost this worship,  
To him whose likenesse is but praise of thee,  
Thou bright vnsetting starre which through this vaile,  
For very enuy makest the sun looke pale.

*Mill.* Well Visitor, lest that perhaps my mother  
Should thinke the Frier too strict in his decrees,  
I this confesse to my sweet Ghostly father,  
If chaste pure loue be sinne, I must confesse,  
I haue offended three yeares now with thee.

*Moun.* But doe you yet repent you of the same?

*Mill.* Yfaith I cannot.

*Moun.* Nor will I absolue thee.  
Of that sweet sin, though it be Veniall,  
Yet haue the pennance of a thousand kisses.  
And I enioyne you to this Pilgrimage,  
Thar in the euening you bestow your selfe  
Heere in the walke neere to the willow grownd,  
Where Ile be ready both with men and horse,



*of Edmonston.*

To wait your comming and conuey you hence,  
Vnto a Lodge I haue in Enfield Chase:  
No more reply, if that you yeeld consent,  
I see more eyes vpon our stay are bent.

*Mill.* Sweet life farewell; tis done, let that suffice,  
What my tongue failes, I send thee by mine eyes. *Exit.*

*Enter Fabell, Clare, and Ierningham.*

*Ier.* Now Visitor how does this new made Nun?

*Cla.* Come, come, how does she noble Capouchin?

*Moun.* She may bee poore in spirit, but for the flesh tis fat  
and plumpe boyes:

Ah rogues, there is a company of girles would turne you  
all Friers.

*Fab.* But how *Mounchenssey*: how lad for the wench?

*Moun.* Sound lads yfaith; I thanke my holy habit,  
I haue confest her, and the Lady Prioresse hath giuen mee  
Ghostly counsell with her blessing.

And how say yee boyes,  
If I be chose the weckely Visitor?

*Clar.* Z'blood sheel haue nere a Nun vnbag'd to sing masse  
then.

*Ier.* The Abbat of Waltham house will haue as many chil-  
dren, to put to nurse, as he has calues in the Marsh.

*Moun.* Well to be brie fe, the Nun will soone at night turne  
lippet; if I but deuise to quit her cleanly of the Nunrie, shee  
is mine owne.

*Fab.* But Sirra *Raymond*, what newes of *Peter Fabell* at the  
house?

*Moun.* Tush hees the onely man; a Necromancer, and a  
Coniurer that workes for young *Mounchenssey* altogether; &  
if it be not for Fryer *Benedicke*, that he can crosse his learned  
skill, the Wench is gone.

*Fabell* will fetch her out by very magicke.

*Fab.* Stands the winde there boy, keeps them in that key,  
The wench is ours before tomorrow day.

Well

## The merry Devil.

Well *Raph* and *Franke*, as ye are gentlemen, stick to vs close this once; you know your fathers haue men and horse lie ready stil at Chesson, to watch the coast be cleere, to scout about and haue an eye vnto *Mountehensys* walke: therefore you two may houer there abouts, & no man will suspect you for the mater be ready but to take her at your hands, leaue vs to scamble forher getting out.

*Ier.* Z'blood if all Herford-shire were at our heeles, weele carrie her away in spight of them.

*Clla.* But whether *Raymond*?

*Mount.* To *Brians* vpper lodge in Enfield chafe, he is mine honest Friend and a tall keeper, ile send my man vnro him presently t'acquaint him with your comming and intent.

*Fab.* Be breefe and secret.

*Mount.* Soone at night remember  
You bring your horses to the willow ground,

*Ier.* Tis done, no more.

*Cla.* We will not faile the hower.

My life and fortune, now lies in your power.

*Fab.* About our busines, *Raymond* lets away,  
Thinke of your hower, it drawes well of the day.

*Exit.*

*Enter Blague, Banks, Smugg, and Sir Iohn*

*Bla.* Come yee Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come vnder the zona torrida of the forest, lets be resolute, lets flie to ard againe; and if the diuell come, weele but him to his Interrogatories; and not budge a foote, what: s'foot ile put fire into you ye shall all three serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Smug.* Mine host, my bully, my pretious consull, my noble Holefernes, I haue bin drunke i'th house, twentie times & ten, all's one for that, I was last night in the third heauens, my bra'ne was poore, it had yest in't; but now I am a man of action is't not so lad?

*Bilbo.* Why now thou hast two of the liberall sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou maist serue the Duke of Enrope.

*Smu.* I will serue the Duke of Christendome, and doe him more credit in his celler the all the plate in his buttery, is't not

*Sir Iob.*



*of Edmonton.*

*Sir Ioh.* Mine host and *Smug*, stand there *Banks*, you and your horse keepe together; but lie close, shew no triks for feare of the keeper. If we be scard, wee'le meet at the Church porch at Enfield.

*Smug.* Content *sir Iohn*.

*Banks.* *Smug*, dost not thou remember the tree thou fellest out of last night?

Tush, and't had been as high as the Abby, I should nere haue hurt my selfe, I haue fallen into the riuer comming home from Waltham, and scapt drowning.

*Sir Io.* Como seuer, feare no spirits, wee'le haue a Bucke presently, we haue watched later then this for a Doe mine Host.

*Host.* Thou speakest as true as veluet.

*Sir Io.* Why then come, Grasse and hay, &c. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clare, Ierningham and Millescent.*

*Clar.* Franke Ierningham?

*Ier.* Speake softly rogue, how now?

*Clar.* S'foot we shall loose our way, it's so darke, whereabouts are we?

*Ier.* Why man at *Potters gate*, The way lies right, harke the clocke strikes at Enfield; what's the houre?

*Clare.* Ten the bell sayes.

*Ier.* A lies in's throat, it was but eight when wee set out of *Chesson*. *Sir Iohn* and his Sexton are at ale too night, the clocke runnes at randome.

*Clar.* Nay, as sure as thou liust the villanous Vicar is abroad in the chase this darke night: the stone Priest steales more venison then halfe the country.

*Ier.* *Millescent* how dost thou?

*Mill.* Sir very well,  
I would to God we were at *Brians Lodge*.

*Clar.* We shall anon, zounds harke,  
What meanes this noyse?

*Ier.* Stay, I heere horsemen.

*Clare.* I heare footmen too.

*H*

*Ier.*

## *The merry Diuell.*

*Ier.* Nay then I haue it, we haue bin discouered,  
And we are followed by our fathers Men.

*Mill.* Brother and friend, alas what shall we doe?

*Clar.* Sister, speake softly or we are descride,  
Thy are hard vpon vs what so ere they bee,  
Shaddow your selfe behind this brake of Ferne,  
Weele get in to the wood and let them passe.

*Enter Sir Iohn Blague, Smug, and Bankes, one after another*

*Sir Io.* Grasse and hay, wee are all mortall, the Keepers abroad, and there's an end.

*Ban, Sir Iohn.*

*Sir Io.* Neighbour *Bankes* what newes?

*Ban.* Zwounds *Sir Iohn* the Keepers are abroad; I was hard by am.

*Sir Io.* Grasse and hay, wheres mine host *Blague*?

*Bla.* Heere Metropolitane, the Philistines are vpon vs, be silent, let vs serue the good Duke of Norfolke; but where is *Smug*.

*Sm.* Heere, a poxe on yee all dogs; I haue kild the greatest Bucke in *Brians* walke, shift for your selues, all the Keepers are vp, lets meete in Enfield Church porch, away wee are all taken els.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Brian with his man, and his hound.*

*Bri.* *Raph*, hearst thou any stirring.

*Raph.* I heard one speak here hard by in the bottome; peace Maister, speake low, zownes if I did not heare a bow goe off, and the Bucke bray, I neuer heard deere in my life.

*Bri.* S'life is there stealers abroad, and they cannot heare of

*Bri.* When went your fellowes out into their walkes?

*Ra.* An hower agoe.

them: where the deuill are my men to night? firra goe vp the wind towards Buckleys lodge.

Ile cast about the bottome with my hound, and I will meet thee vnder Cony oke.

*Ra.* I will Sir.

*Exit.*

*Bri.*



of Edmonton.

*Bri.* How now? by the masse my hound staves vpon something, harke, harke, Bowman, harke, harke there.

*Mill.* Brother *Frank* *Ierningham*, brother *Clare*.

*Bri.* Peace, thats a womans voyce, stand, who's there, stand or Ile shoote.

*Mill.* O Lord, hold yours hands, I meane no harme sir.

*Bri.* Speake, who are you?

*Mill.* I am a maid sir, who? *M. Brian*?

*Bri.* The very same, sure I should know her voyce, *Mistris Milliscent*.

*Milli.* I, it is I sir.

*Bri.* God for his passion, what make you here alone, I lookd for you at my lodge an hower agoe, what meanes your company to leaue you thus? who brought you hither?

*Hill.* My brother Sir, and *M. Ierningham*, who hearing folks about vs in the Chase, feard it had bin sir *Arthur* and my father, who had pursude vs, thus dispersed our selues till they were past vs.

*Bri.* But where be they?

*Mill.* They be not farre off, here about the groue.

*Enter Clare, and Ierningham.*

*Cla.* Be not a fraid man, I heard *Brians* tongue, thats certain.

*Ier.* Call softly for your sister.

*Cla.* *Milliscent*.

*Milli.* I brother, heere.

*Bri.* *M. Clare*.

*Cla.* I told you it was *Brian*.

*Bri.* Whoes that? *M. Ierningham*, you are a couple of hot-shots, does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grasse at this time of night?

*Ier.* We heard a noyse about her in the chase, And fearing that our fathers had pursude vs, seuerd our selues.

*Cla.* *Brian* how hapd'st thou on her?

*Bri.* Seeking for stealers are abroad to night, My hound staid on her, and so found her out.

## The Merry Diuell

**Cla.** They were these stealers that affrighted vs,  
I was hard vpon them, when they horst their Deere,  
And I perceiue they tookeme for a Keeper.

**Bri.** Which way tooke they?

**Ier.** Towards Enfield.

**Bri.** A plague vppon't, thats that damn'd Priest, and *Blague*  
of the George, he that serues the good Duke of Norfolke,

*A noyse within, follow, follow, follow.*

**Cla.** Peace, thats my fathers voyce.

**Bri.** Zounds you suspected them, and now they are heere  
indeed.

**Mill.** Alas what shall we doe?

**Bri.** If you goe to the lodge you are surely taken,  
Strike downe the wood to Enfield presently,

And if *Maunchenssey* come Ile send him t' yee:

Let me alone to busle with your Father,

I warrant you that I will keepe him play,

Till you haue quit the chase: away, away.

Whoe's there?

*Enter the two Knights.*

**Sir Rap.** In the Kings name pursue the rauisher,

**Bri.** Stand, or Ile shoote.

**Sir Ar.** Whoe's there?

**Bri.** I am the Keeper that doe charge you stand,  
You haue stollen my Deere.

**Sir Ar.** We stolne thy Deere: we doe pursue a thiefe.

**Bri.** You are arrant theeues, and ye haue stollen my Deere.

**Sir Rap.** VVe are Knights *Sir Artur Clare*, and *Sir Rapb*  
*Ierningham*.

**Bri.** The more your shame that Knights should bee such  
thieues,

**Sir Ar.** VVho, or what art thou?

**Bri.** My name is *Brian*, keeper of this walke.

**Sir Rap.** O *Brian*, a villaine,

Thou hast receiu'd my Daughter to thy Lodge.

**Bri.** You haue stollen the best Deere in my walke to night,  
my Deere.

**Sir Ar.** My daughter,

Stop



*of Edmondton.*

Stop not my way.

*Bri.* What make you in my walke? you haue stolne the best Bucke in my walke to night.

*Sir Ar.* My Daughter.

*Bri.* My Deere.

*Sir Raph.* Where is *Mountchensy.*

*Bri.* VVheres my Bucke?

*Sir Art.* I will complaine mee of thee to the Kinge.

*Bri.* Ile complaine vnto the King you spoyle his game: Tis strange that men of your account and calling will offer it, I tell you true. *Sir Arthur* and *Sir Raph*, that none but you haue onely spoyld my game.

*Sir Art.* I charge you stop vs not,

*Bri.* I charge you both ye get out of my ground. Is this a time for such as you, men of your place and grauity, to be abroad at theeuing! tis a shame, and a fore God if I had shot at you I had seru'd you well enough.

*Enter Banckes the Miller wet on his legges.*

*Ban.* S'foot heeres a blacke night indeed, I thinke I haue bin in fifteen ditches betweene this and the Forrest: soft, heers Enfield Church: I am so wet with climbing ouer into an orchard for to steale some filberts: well, heere Ile sit in the Church porch and waite for the rest of my consort.

*Enter the Sexton*

*Ser* Heers a skye as blacke as Lucifer, God blesse vs, heere was goodman Theophilus buried, he was the best Nutcracker that euer dwelt in Enfield: wel, tis 9. a clock tis time to ring curfew, Lord blesse vs, what white thing is that in the Church porch; O Lord my legges are too weake for my body, my haire is too stiffe for my night-cap, my heart failes; this is the Ghost of Theophilus, O Lord it followes me, I cannot say my prayers and one would giue me thousand pound: good spirit, I haue bowld and drunke and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I haue not the spirit now to deale with you; O Lord.

*Enter*

## The merry Deuill.

*Enter Priest.*

**Pri.** Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, who's there?

**Sex.** We are grasse and hay indeed; I know you to be ma-  
ster Parson by your phrase.

**Pri.** Sexton.

**Sex.** I Sir.

**Pri.** For mortalities sake, what's the matter?

**Sex.** O Lord I am a man of another element; Maister *Theophilus* Ghost is in the Church porch, there was a hundred Cats all fire dancing here euen now; and they are clombe vp to the top of the steeple, ile not into the Bell-free for a world.

**Pri.** O good *Salomon*; I haue bin about a deed of darknes to night: O Lord I saw fifteen spirits in the forrest, like white bulles, if I lye I am an arrant theefe: mortality haunts vs; grasse and hay, the deuills at our heeles, and lets hence to the parsonages.

*Exeunt.*

*The Miller comes out very softly.*

**Mill.** What noise was that? tis the watch, sure that villanous vn lucky rogue *Smug* is taine vpon my life, and then all our vil-  
leny comes out, I heard one cry sure.

*Enter Host Blague.*

**Host.** If I go steale any more veneson, I am a Paradox, s'foot I can scarce beare the sinne of my flesh in the day, tis so heauy, if I turne not honest, and serue the good Duke of Norfolke, as true mareterraneum skinker should doe, let mee neuer looke higher then the element of a Constable.

**Millar.** By the Lord there are some watchmen; I heare them name Master Constable, I would to God my Mill were an Eunuch and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

**Host.** Who's there?

**Mill.** Tis the Constable by this lighr, Ile steale hence, and if I can meete mine Host *Blague*, ile tel him how *Smug* is taine, and will him to looke to himselfe,

*Exit.*  
**Host.**



*of Edmonton.*

*Host.* What the deuill is that white thing? this same is a Church-yard, and I haue heard that ghosts, and villenous goblins haue beene scene here.

*Enter Sexton and Priest.*

*Priest.* Grasse and hay, O that I could coniure, wee saw a spirite here in the Church-yard; and in the fallow field there's the deuill, with a mans body vpon his backe in a white sheet.

*Sex.* It may be a womans body *Sir Iohn.*

*Pri.* If shee be a woman, the sheets damne her  
*Lord* blesse vs, what a night of mortality is this.

*Host.* *Priest.*

*Pri.* Mine host

*Host.* Did you not see a spirit all in white, crosse you at the stile?

*Priest.* O no mine host, but there sat one in the porch, I haue not breath ynough left to blesse me from the Deuill.

*Host.* Who's that?

*Priest.* The Sexton almost frighted out of his wits,  
Did you see *Bank*, or *Smug*.

*Host.* No they are gone to Waltham, sure I would faine hence, come, lets to my house, Ile nere serue the Duke of Norfolke in this fashion againe whilst I breath. If the deuill be amongst vs, tis time to hoist saile, & cry roomer: Keep together Sexton, thou art secret, what? lets be cōfortable on to another.

*Pri.* We are all mortall mine host.

*Host.* True, and Ile serue God in the night heareafter, afore the Duke of Norfolke, *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Raph Clare, and Sir Arthur Ierningham, trifling there points as new vp.*

*Sir Rap.* God morrow gentle knight,  
A happy day after your short nights rest,

*Sir Ar.* Ha, ha, sir *Raph* stirring so soone indeed,  
Birlady sir rest would haue done right well,

*Our*

## The merry Deuill.

Our riding late last night, has made me drowfie,  
Goe to goe to, those dayes are gone with vs.

*Sir Ra.* *Sir Arthur*, *Sir Arthur*, care go with, those daies,  
Let am euen goe together let, am goe.

Tis time yfaith that we were in our graues,  
When Children leaue obedience to their Parents,  
When theres no feare of God, no care, no duty.  
VWell, well, nay, nay, it shall not doe, it shall not;  
No *Mouchensey*, thou'lt heare on't, thou shalt,  
Thou shalt yfaith, Ile hang thy son if there be law in England.  
A mans Child rauisht from a Nunry!  
This is rare; well, well, there's one gone for *Frier Hildersham*.

*Sir Ar.* Nay gentle Knight do not vexe thus,  
It will but hurt your heart.

You cannot greeue more then I doe, but to what end; but  
harke you *Sir Raph*, I was about to say somthing; it makes no  
matter: But harke you in your eare, the Frier's a knaue, but  
God forgiue me a man cannot tell neither, sfoot I am so out  
of patience, I know not what to say.

*Sir Raph.* There's one went for the Frier an hower agoe.  
Comes he not yet? s foot if I doe find knauery vnder cowle,  
Ile tickle him: Ile firke him; here here, hee's here, hee's here.  
Good morrow Frier, good morrow gentle Frier.

*Enter Hildersham.*

*Sir Ar.* Good morrow Father *Hildersham* good morrow.  
*Hild.* Good morrow reuerend Knights vnto you both.

*Sir Ar.* Father, how now? you heare how matters goe,  
I am vndone, my Childe is cast away,  
You did your best; at least I thinke the best,  
But we are all crost, flatly all is dash't.

*Hild.* Alas good Knights, how might the matter be?  
Let me vnderstand your grieve for Charity.

*Sir Ar.* Who does not vnderstand my grieve? alas alas!  
And yet yee doe not, will the Church permit,  
A Nun in approbation of her habit,



To be rauished, he hath heard of it.

*Hild.* A holy woman, benedicite; now God forfend that any should presume to touch the sister of a holy house.

*Sir Ar.* The Iesus deliuer mee.

*Sir Ra.* Why *Mellisene* the daughter of this Knight, is out of Chesham taken the last night?

*Hild.* Was that faire maiden late become a Nun?

*Sir Ra.* Was she quotha? knavery, knavery, knavery; I smell it, I smell it ysaith; is the wind in that doore? is it euen so? doost thou aske me that now?

*Hild.* It is the first time that I ere heard of it.

*Sir Ar.* That's very strange.

*Sir Ra.* Why tell me Frier; tell mee, thou art counted a holy man, doe not play the hypocrite with me, nor beare with mee, I cannot dissemble; did I ought but by thy owne consent? by thy allowance? nay further by thy warrant?

*Hild.* Why Reuerend knight.

*Sir Ra.* Vnreuerend Frier.

*Hild.* Nay then giue me leave sir to depart in quiet, I had hop'd you had sent for mee to some other end.

*Sir Ar.* Nay stay good Frier, if any thing hath hap'd, About this matter in thy loue to vs;

That thy strickt order cannot iustifie,

Admit it be so, we will couer it,

Take no care man;

Disclayme not yet thy counsell and aduise,

The wisest man that is may be o'rereache.

*Hild.* Sir *Arthur*, by my order and my faith;

I know not what you meane.

*Sir Ar.* By your order, and your faith? this is most strange of all;

Why tell me Frier, are not you Confessor to my Son *Franker*?

*Hild.* Yes that I am;

*Sir Ra.* And did not this good knight here and my selfe,

Confesse with you being his ghostly Father,

To deale with him about th'unbanded marriage

Betwixt him and that faire young *Mellisene*?

## The merry Duell.

*Hild.* I neuer heard of any match intended.  
*Sir Ar.* Did not we breake our minds that very time,  
That our deuice of making her a Nun,  
Was but a colour and a very plotte,  
To put by young *Mouchenssey*; is not true?

*Hild.* The more I strue to know what you should meane,  
the lesse I vnderstand you.

*Sir Rap.* Did not you tell vs still how *Peter Fabell* at length  
would crosse vs if we took not heed?

*Hild.* I haue heard of one that is a great magitian,  
But he's about the Vniuersity.

*Sir Rad.* Did not you send your nouice *Benedic*  
To perswade the girle to leaue *Mouchensseys* leue,  
To crosse that *Peter Fabell* in his art,  
And to that purpose made him visitor?

*Hild.* I neuer sent my nouice from the house,  
Nor haue we made our visitation yet.

*Sir Ar.* Neuer sent him? nay, did he not goe? and did not I  
direct him to the house, and conferre with him by the way? &  
did he not tell me what charge he had receiued from your  
word by word, as I requested at your hands?

*Hild.* That you shall know, hee came along with me, and  
stayer without, come hither *Benedic*. *Enter Benedic.*  
Young *Benedic*, were you ere sent by me to *Cheffon Nunnery*  
for a visitor?

*Ben.* Neuer sir, truly.

*Sir Ar.* Stranger then all the rest.

*Sir Rap.* Did not I direct you to the house?  
Confer with you from *Waltham Abby*  
Vnto *Cheffon wall*?

*Ben.* I neuer saw you sir before this hower.

*Sir Raph.* The deuill thou didst not, hos *Chamberlen*.  
*Chamb.* Anon, anon.

*Sir Ra.* Call mine host *Blague* hither.

*Cla.* I will send one ouer to see if he be vp, I thinke he bee  
scarce stirring yet.

*Sir Raph.* Why knaue, didst thou not tell me an hower ago  
mine



mine host was vp?

*Cham.* I sir, my Maister's vp.

*Sir Ra.* You knaue, is a vp, and is a not vp?  
Dost thou mock mee?

*Cham.* I sir, my M. is vp, but I thinke M. *Blague* indeed be  
not furring?

*Sir Rap.* Why, whoe's thy Maister? is not the Maister of  
the house thy Maister?

*Cham.* Yes sir, but M. *Blague* dwells ouer the way.

*Sir Ar.* Is not this the George? before God there's some  
villany in this.

*Cham.* Sfoote our signe's remoou'd, this is strange.

*Enter Blague trussing his paynts.*

*Bla.* Chamberlin, speake vp to the new lodgings,  
Bid Nell looke well to the bakt meates,  
How now my old Ienerts banke, my horse,  
My castle, lie in Waltham all night, and not  
vnder the Canopy of your host *Blagues* house.

*Sir Ar.* Mine host, mine host, wee lay all night at the  
George in Waltham, but whether the George bee your fee-  
simple or no, tis a doubtfull question, looke vpon your signe.

*Host.* Body of Saint George, this is mine ouerthwartt neigh-  
bour, hath done this to seduce my blind customers, Ile tickle  
his Catastrophe for this; if I do not indite him at next assises  
for Burglary, let me die of the yellowes, for I see tis no boote  
in these dayes to serue the good Duke of Norfolke, the villa-  
nous world is tui nd manger, one Iade deceiues another, and  
your Ostler playes his part commonly for the fourth share,  
haue wee comedies in hand, you horsonvillanous male Lon-  
don letcher.

*Sir Art.* Mine host, we haue had the moylingst night of it  
that euer we had in our liues.

*Host.* Ist certaine?

*Sir Raph.* We haue bin in the Forrest all night almost.

*Host.* Sfoote how did I misse you? hart I was a stealing a

## The Merry Diuell

Bucke there.

*Sir Ar.* A plague on you, we were stayed for you.

*Host.* Were you my noble Romanes? why you shall share, the venison is a footing, *Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus.* That is there is a good Breakfast provided for a marriage, that is in my house this morning.

*Sir Ar.* A marriage mine host?

*Host.* A coniunction copulative, a gallant match betweene your daughter, & *M. Raymond Mounchensy*, yong Iuuentus.

*Sir Ar.* How?

*Host.* Tis firme, tis done, Weele shew you a President ith ciuill law fort.

*Sir Rap.* How! married!

*Host.* Leaue trickes and admiration, theres a cleanly paire of sheetes in the bed in the Orchard chamber, & they shall lie there, what? Ile doe it, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

*Sir Ar.* Thou shalt repent this *Blague*.

*Sir. Raph.* If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all seuerity.

*Host.* I renounee your defiance, if you parle so roughly. Ile barricado my gates against you: stand faire bully; Priest come off from the reward; what can you say now? twas done in my house, I haue shelter ith Court for't, D'ye see yon bay window? I serue the good Duke of Norfolk, and tis his lodging, storme I care not, seruing the good Duke of Norfolk: thou art an Actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

*Enter Smug, Mounchensy, Harry Clare and Millescent.*

*Smug.* Fire, s blood there's no fire in England like your Trinidado sacke; is any man heere humerous? we stole the venison, and weele iustifie it: say you now.

*Host.* In good sooth *Smug* there's more sacke on the fire *Smug*.

*Smu.* I do not take any exceptions against your sacke, but if youle lend me a pike staffe, ile cudgell them all hence by this hand.

*Host*



*of Edmonton.*

*Host.* I say thou shalt into the Celler.

*Sm.* S'foot mine Host, shalls not grapple?

Pray you pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrices egg; shalls not serue the Duke of Norfolk? *Exit.*

*Host.* In skipper, in.

*Sir Arch.* Sirra, hath young *Monnchensy* married your sister?

*Ha. Cla.* Tis certaine Sir; heere's the Priest that coupled them; the parties ioyned, and the honest witnesse that cride, Amen.

*Mount.* Sir *Arthur Clare*, my new created Father, I beseech you heare mee.

*Sir Ar.* Sir fir, you are a foolish boy, you haue done that you cannot answere; I dare be bold to seaze her from you, for s'nee's a profest Nun.

*Mill.* With pardon fir that name is quite vndone,  
This Tru-loue knot cancells both maide and Nun,  
When first you told me I should act that part,  
How cold and bloody it crept ore my heart!  
To Chesson with a smiling brow I went,  
But yet, deere fir, it was to this intent,  
That my sweet *Raymond* might find better meanes,  
To steale me thence: in brieft disguisd he came,  
Like Nouice to old father *Hilderthans*.  
His tutor heere did act that cunning part,  
And in our loue hath ioynd much wit to art.

*Cla.* Is't euen so?

*Mill.* With pardon therefore we intreat your smiles,  
Loue thwarted turnes it selfe to thousand wiles.

*Cla.* Young Maister *Ierningham*, were you an actor, in your owne loues abuse?

*Ier.* My thoughts, good fir,  
Did labour seriously vnto this end,  
To wrong my selfe ere id abuse my friend.

*Host.* He speakes like a Batchelor of Musicke all in Numbers; Knights if I had known you would haue let this couy of Partridges sit thus long vpon their knees vnder my signe post

## *The merry Deuill.*

I would haue spred my dore with old Couerlids.

*Sir Ar.* Well sir, for this your signe was remoued, was it?

*Host.* Faith wee followed the directions of the deuill,  
*Maister Peter Fabell* and *Smug*, Lord blesse vs, could neuer stand  
vpright since.

*Sir Ar.* You sir, twas you was his minister that married them

*Sir Io.* Sir to proue my selfe an honest man, being that I was  
last night in the forrest stealing Venison; now sir to haue you  
stand my friend, if that matter should bee call'd in question, I  
married your daughter to this worthy gentleman.

*Sir Ar.* I may chaunce to requite you, and make your necke  
crack for't

*Sir Io.* If you doe, I am as resolute as my  
Neighbour vicar of Waltham Abby: a hem,  
Grasse and hay, we are all mortall,  
Let's liue till we be hang'd mine host,  
And be merry and theres an end.

*Fab.* Now knights I enter, now my part begins.  
To end this difference, know, at first I knew  
What you intended, ere your loue tooke flight,  
From old *Mountehensley*: you sir *Arthur Clare*,  
Were minded to haue married this sweete beauty,  
To young *Franke Ierningham*; to crosse which match,  
I vs'd some pretty flights, but I protest  
Such as but fate vpon the skirts of Art,  
No coniurations, nor such weighty spells,  
As tie the soule to their performancy:  
These for his loue who once was my deere puple,  
Haue I effected: now mee thinks tis strange,  
That you being old in wisdom should thus knit,  
Your forehead on this match; since reason failes,  
No law can curbe the louers rash attempt,  
Yeares in resisting this are sadly spent:  
Smile then vpon your daughter and kind sonne,  
And let our toyle to future ages proue,  
The deuill of Edmonton did good in Loue.

*Sir Ar.* Well tis in vaine to crosse the prouidence:

Deere



of Edmonton.

Deere Sonne, I take thee vp into my hart,  
Rise daughter, this is a kind fathers part.

*Host.* Why Sir George send for *Spindles* noyse, presently,  
Ha, ert be night, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Pri.* Grasse and hay, mine Host, lets liue till we dye, and be  
merry, and there's an end,

*Sir Ar.* VVhat is breakfast ready mine Host?

Tis my little Hebrew.

*Sir Ar.* Sirra ride straight to Chesson Nunry,  
Fetch thence my Lady, the house I know,  
By this time misses their young votary:  
Come Knights lets in.

*Bil.* I will to horse presently sir; a plague a my Lady, I shall  
misse a good breakfast. *Smug*, how chance you cut so plague-  
ly behind *Smug*?

*Smug.* Stand away; Ile founder you else.

*Bil.* Farewell *Smug*, thou art in another element.

*Smu.* I will be by and by, I will be Sir *George* againe,

*Sir Ar.* Take heed the fellow doe not hurt himselfe.

*Sir Rap.* Did we not last night find two *S. Georges* here.

*Fab.* Yes Knights, this martialist was one of them.

*Cla.* Then thus conclude your night of meriment.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

**FINIS.**